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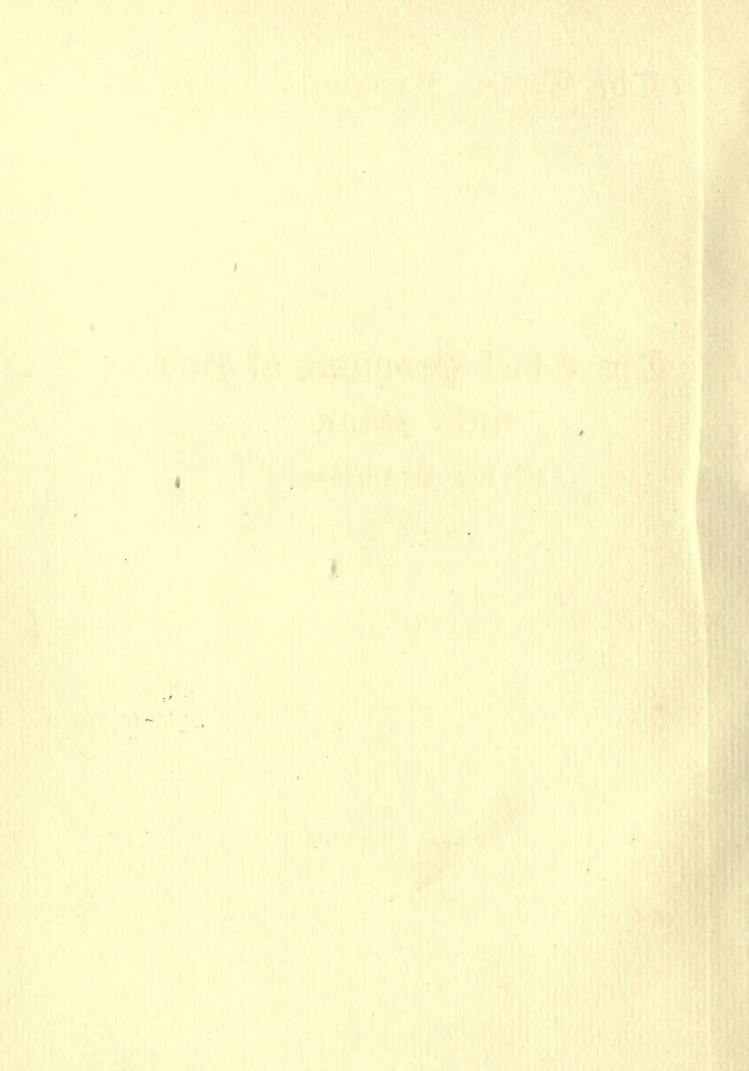
God's Promises

By JOHN BALE

BISHOP OF OSSORY

Date of Original, 1538

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1908



The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Chief Promises of God unto Man

[God's Promises]

By JOHN BALE

BISHOP OF OSSORY

1538



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The Chief Promises of God unto Man

[God's promises]

BY JOHN BALE

BISHOP OF OSSORY

The original of this facsimile is in the British Museum (Press-mark C. 34, c. 2); it is the only known copy of the first edition. It formed part of the Garrick collection, and probably it came to the famous eighteenth-century actor from the Harley library through Robert Dodsley the antiquarian bookseller, who speaks of having found it in "the Harleian Collection of Old Plays, consisting of between 600 and 700, which are now in my possession." "God's Promises" was reprinted in 1577, the first edition being so entirely forgotten by then that the new impression was described as "now fyrst imprynted." This play has been frequently reprinted in modern times.

John Bale—"bilious Bale"—was a notable figure in his time, a strenuous and not altogether consistent supporter and exponent of the Reformation. He was unscrupulous in attack and violent in speech. Born in 1495 he died in 1563, having, at the age of 64, confessed himself "an old and worn-out man." I have in my edition of "The

Dramatic Writings of John Bale" (Early English Drama Society, 1907) dwelt at length upon the life and times of this hard-hitting acerbous prelate. To this source of reference may be added "The Dictionary of National Biography" (as a matter of course), the introduction to the facsimile reprint of Bale's "Three Laws" (Tudor Facsimile Texts), Herford's "Literary Relations of England and Germany in the 16th Century," Snell's "Age of Transition," Schroer's Introduction to "The Three Laws" (Halle, 1882), &c. &c.

Mr. J. A. Herbert of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum after comparing this facsimile with the original copy reports that "it must not be considered one of the greatest successes" of the series. He adds, however, "it was exceptionally difficult to reproduce, no doubt." This difficulty arises, for the most part, from the mutilated and stained condition of the original: even the yellow-tinted official stamp of the British Museum has in two instances made darker what is perfectly clear in the original. To this general criticism there is little to add.

- (1) Title-page, line 2, the "D" of "God" is clearer in original: as will be seen the page is mutilated, only the top half being left, mounted on a leaf of blank paper.
- (2) A. ij. recto, lines 2 and 3, the last words are clearer in original: in line 2, "congr . . enc" [Congruence]; line 3, "serche of co . ." Concerning this page Mr. Herbert makes the following remark:—"Not very successful where the page has been repaired. This applies not only to this page, but also to those which follow."

- (3) A. ij. verso, lines 3, 4, 5, 10, and 21, the obliterated words at commencement are respectively "As," "Althych," "They come," "And thys," and "For" [the F and o imperfect, but unmistakable].
- (4) A. iij. verso, line 16, the initial is "F" [For one].
- (5) B. i. verso, line 21, "For," top of F wanting, but the letter is unmistakable.
- (6) B. iij. verso, line 4, Act iii., "He" is plain under stain.
- (7) C. [i.] verso, line 4, there is no flaw in MS.: the mark on margin has been introduced by some flaw in printing.
- (8) C. iv. recto, line 4, third word, "at," the "t" is faint in original but legible.

JOHN S. FARMER.

A Tragedye or enterlude manifestyng the chiefe promyses of God

unto man by all ages in the olde lawe, from the fall of
Adam to the incarnacyon of the lorde Iesus
Christ. Compyled by Iohan Vale. Anno
Domini M. D. XXXIII.



made (by)
of God

1664
1535



I profyght maye growe, most Christe audyēce.
By knowlege of thynges, whych are but
sytorye,

And here for a tyme. Of moche more coō
Aduāntage myght sprynge, by the jerd
ses heauenlye.

As those matters are, that the Gospell speeysye.
Withoute whose knowlege, no man to the cruche
Nor ener atteyne, to the lyfe perpetuall.

For he that knoweth not, the luyunge God ete.
The father, the sonne, and also the holye Ghost.
And what Christ suffered, for redempcyon of vs all.
What he commaunded, and taught in euery coost.
And what he forbode. That man must nedes be lost.
And cleane seclnded, from the faythfull chosen sorte.
In the heauens abone, to hys most hygh dysconfor

Yow therfor (good fryndes) I louyngel
To waye soche matters, as wyll be vttered h
Of whome ye maye lōke, to haue no tryfelin
In fantasyes fayned, nor soche lyte gāudyng
Vneche thynges that shall, your inwarde stoma
To reioyce in God, for your justyfycacyon,
And alone in Christ, to hope for your saluacyon.

Yea, first ye shall haue, the eternall generacyon,
Of Christ lyte as Johan, in hys first chapi. wryghe.
And consequentye, of man the first creacyon,
The abuse and fall, through hys first onersyght,
And therayse agayne, through Gods hygh grace & myg
By promyses first, whych shall be declared all,
Then by hys owne sonne, the worke pryncypall,

After that Adam, by wayleth here hys fall,
God wyll shewe mercy, to euery generacyon.

And to hys kyngedome, of hys great goodnesse call,
hys elected spouse, or saythfull congregacyon,
As here shall apere, by open protestacyon,
from Christes birthe, shall to hys deathe conclude,
one that therof, wyll shewe the certyaude.

Pater celestis.

y y ytu de

In the begynnynge, before the heauens were
create,

In me and of me, was my sonne sempytternall.

With the holy Ghost, in one degre or estate,

Of the hygh Godhed, to me the facher coequall.

hys my sonne was, with me one God essencyall,
hout separacyon, at any tyme from me.

God he is, of equall dignyte.

In the begynnynge, my sonne hath ener be,

hys facher, in one essencyall beyng.

to create, by hym in yche degre,

& earthe, and haue their dyuerse workynge,

power, was neuer made anye thyng,

wrought. But through hys ordynaunce,

of hys strengthe, and whole contynuaunce.

In hym is the lyfe, and the iust reconeraunce.

Adam and hys, whych nought but deathe deserued.

And thys lyfe to men, is an hygh perseneraunce,

Or a lyght of faythe, wherby they shall be saued.

And thys lyght shall shyne, amonge the people darkened,

With vn faythfulnesse: Yet shall they not with hym take,

out of wyllfull hart, hys lyberall grace forsaie.

Whych wyll compell me, agayn it man for to make,

In my dyspleasure. And sende plagis of coreccyon,

Most greuouse and sharpe, hys wanton lustes to slake,

by

By water and fyre, by syckenesse and infectyon,
 Of pe, tylent sores, molestyng hys compleccyon
 By troublouse warre, by derche and peynefull fearfenesse,
 And after this lyfe, by an extreme heauynesse,
 I will first begynne, with Adam for hys lewdenesse,
 Whych for an apple, neglected my commaundement,
 He shall contynue, in labour for hys rashenesse,
 Hys onely sweate shall prouyde hys food and rayment,
 Yea, yet must he haue, a greater pynnyshment,
 Most terribly deathe, shall brynge hym to hys ende,
 To teache hym how he, hys lorde God, shall offende.

Hic p[re]ceptis in terram eadit Adamus, ac post quantum
 uersum denuo resurgit;

Adam primus homo;

Adam

Mercyfull father, thy pytiefull grace extende,
 To me carefull wretche, which haue mefore abused,
 Thy precept breakyng. O lorde, I mynde to amende,
 If thy great goodnesse, wolde now haue me excused,
 Most heauenlye maker, let me not be refused,
 Nor cast from thy syght, for one pore synneful creature,
 Alas I am frayle, my whole kynde ys but slyme.

Pater cœlestis.

I wote it is so, yet art thou no lesse faultye,
 Thā thou haddest bene made, of matter moche more worthye,
 I gaue thee reason, and wytt to vnderstande,
 The good from the euill. And not to take on hande,
 Of a braynelesse mynde, the thyng which I forbade thee.

Adam primus homo.

Such heauye fortune, hath cheselye chaunced me,
 For that I was left, to myne owne lyberte.

Pater cœlestis.

God, heauye

A iii

The

Then thou art blamelesse, and the faulte thou layest to me?

Adam primus homo.

Naye, all I ascribe, to my owne imbecyllite,
No faulte in the lord, but in my infirmyte,
And want of respect, in soche gystes as thou gauest me,

Pater cœlestis,

For that I put the, at thyne owne lyberte,
Thou oughtest my goodnesse, to haue in more regarde.

Adam primus homo.

Anoyde it I can not, thou layest it to me so harde,
Lorde now I perceyue, what power is in man,
And strength of hymselfe, whan thy swete grace is absente.
He must nedes but fall, do he the best he can,
And daunger hymselfe, as ap: reth euident.
For I synned not, so longe as thou wert present.
But whan thou wert gone, I fell to synne by and by,
And the dyspleased. Good lorde I aue the mercy,

Pater cœlestis.

Thou shalt dye for it, with all thy posterite.

Adam primus homo;

the faulte good lorde, auenge not thy self on me,
but a worme, or a fleshelye vanyte.

Pater cœlestis;

I saye thou shalt dye, with thy whole posterite.

Adam primus homo;

Yet mercy swete lorde, yf anye mercy maye be.

Pater cœlestis

I am immutable, I maye change no decre.
Thou shalt dye (I saye) without anye remedye.

Adam primus homo.

Yet gracyouse father, extend to me thy mercye,
And throwe not awaye, the worke whych thou hast create,
To thyne owne Image, But auert from me thy hate,

Pater

Præsentis Tragediæ.

Pater cœlestis

But art thou sorry, from bottom of thy hart?

Adam primus homo.

Thy dyspleasure is, to me most heauye smart,

Pater cœlestis

Than wyll I tell the, what thou shalt stycke vnto,
Lyfe to recouer, and my good fauer also.

Adam primus homo.

Tell it me swete lorde, that I maye thereafter go,

Pater cœlestis

Thys ys my conenaunt, to the and all thy offsprynge,
For that thou hast bene, deceyued by the serpent,
I wyll put hatred, betwixt hym for hys doynge,
And the woman kynde. They shall hereafter dyssene,
Hys seide with her seide, shall neuer haue agrement,
Her sedes shall presse downe, hys head vnto the grounde,
Slee hys suggestyons, and hys whole power confounde,
Cleane to thys promyse, with all thy inwarde powre,
Symelye enclose it, in thy remembraunce fast,
Golde it in thy faythe, with full hope daye and houre,
And thy saluacyon, it wyll be at the last,
That seide shall clere the, of all thy wyckednesse past,
And procure thy peace, with most hygh grace in my syght,
Se thou trust to it, and holde not the matter lyght.

Adam primus homo.

Swete lorde the promyse, that thy self here hath made me,
Of thy mere goodnesse, and not of my deseruynge,
In my faythe I trust, shall so establyshed be,
By helpe of thy grace, that it shall be remaynyng,
So longe as I shall, haue here contrynyng,
And shewe it I wyll, to my posteryte,
That they in lyke case, haue therby felycyte,
Pater cœlestis.

Actus primus

For a closynge vp, take yet one sentence with the.

Adam primus homo.

At thy pleasure lord, all thynges myght euer be,

Pater cœlestis

For that my promyse, maye haue the deper effect,

In the faythe of the, and all thy generacyon.

Take thys sygne with it, as a scale, ther to connect,

Crepes hall the Serpent, for hys abhomynacyon.

The womans hall sorowe, in paynfull propagacyon.

Like as thu shalt synde, thys true in our warde woitynge,

So thynte the other, though it be an hydden thyng.

Adam primus homo.

Incessaunt praysynge, to the most heauenlye lorde,

For thys thy socoure, and vnder serued kyndenesse.

Thy byndest me in hart, thy graciouslye gyftes to recorde,

And to beare in mynde, now after my heauynesse,

The bruce of thy name, with in warde ioye and gladnesse,

Thy dysdaynest not, as wele apereth thys daye,

To fatche to thy folde, thy first shepe goynge a straye.

Most myghtye maker, thu castest not yet awaye,

Thy synnefull seruaunt, whych hath done most offence.

It is not thy mynde, for euer I shuld decaye,

But thu reseruest me, of thy benyuolence,

And hast prouyded, for me a recompence,

By thy appoyntment, like as I haue receyued,

In thy stronge promyse, here openlye pronounced,

Thys goodnesse dere lorde, of me is vnderued,

I so declynynge, from thy first instytucion,

At so lyght mocyons. To one that thus hath swerued,

What a lorde art thu, to geue soche retribucion?

I damnable wretche, deserued execucion,

Of terriblye deathe, without all remedye,

And to be put out, of all good memorye.

I am enforced, to reioyce here inwardelye,
 An ympe though I be, of helle, death, and dampnacyon,
 Through my owne workynge. For I consydre thy mercye,
 And pytiefull mynde, for my whole generacyon,
 It is thu sweete lorde, that workest my saluacyon,
 And my reconer. Therfor of a congruence,
 From hens thu must haue, my hart and obedyence,
 Thought I be mortall, by reason of my offence,
 And shall dye the death, like as God hath appoynted.
 Of thys am I sure, through hys hygh influence,
 At a serten daye, agayne to be reuiued,
 From grounde of my hart, thys shall not be remoued,
 I haue it in faythe, and therfor I wyll synge,
 Thys Antheme to hym, that my saluacyon shall brynge.

Tunc sonora uoce, prouolutis genibus Antiphonam incipit, O
 Sapientia, Quam prosequetur chorus cum organis,
 eo interim exeunte,

Vel sub eodem tono poterit sic Anglice cantari.

O eternal Sapyence, that procedest from the mouthe of
 hyghest, reachynge fourth with a great power fro the begyn-
 nyng to the ende, with heauenlye swetnesse dysposynge all
 creatures, come now and instruct vs the true waye of thy
 godlye prudence.

Finit Actus primus,

B

pater

Actus recumais.

Pater cœlestis

I haue bene moued, to stryke man dyuerselye,
Sens I lefte Adam, in thys same earthly mansyon;
For whye he hath done, to me dyspleasures manye,
And wyll not amende, hys lyfe in anye condycyon,
No respect hath he, to my worde nor monycyon.
But doch what hym lust, without dyscrete aduysement,
And wyll in no wyse, take myne aduertysement.

Cain hath slayne Abel, hys brother an innocent,
Whose bloude from the earthe, doch call to me for vengeance
My children with mennis, so carnallye consent,
That their vayne workynge, is vnto me moche greuaunce,
Wantynge is but fleshe, in hys whole dallyaunce,
All vyce increaseth, in hym contynnallye,
Nothyng he regardeth, to walke vnto my glorie.

My hate abhorreth, hys wylfull myserye,
Hys cankered malyce, hys cursed couetousnesse,
Hys lustes lecherouse, hys vengeable tyrannye,
My mercyfull mourther, and other vngodlynnesse,
I wyll destroye hym, for hys outragiousnesse.
I do not hym onlye, but all that on earthe do stere,
It repenteth me, that euer I made them here.

Iustus Noah.

Most gentyll maker, with hys fraylenesse sumwhat beare
Man is thy creature, thy selfe can not saye naye.
Though thu ponnysh hym, to put hym sumwhat in feare,
Hys faulte to knowledg, yet seke not hys decaye.
Thu mayest reclayne hym, though he goeth now astraye,
And brynge hym agayne, of thy abundaunt grace,
To the folde of saythe, he acknowlegynge hys trespase.

Pater cœlestis,

Thy knowest I haue geuen, to hym conuenient space,
With

presentis Trage lize.

With lausfull warnynges, yet he amendeth in no place.
The naturall lawe, whych I wrote in hys harte,
He hath outraced, all goodnesse puttyng a parte,
Of helthe the couenaunt, whych I to Adam made,
He regardeth not, but walkech a damnable trade,

Iustus Noah,

All thys is true lorde, I can not thy wordes reprove,
Lete hys weakenesse yet, thy mercyfull goodnesse moue.

Pater ccelestis,

No weakenesse is it, but wylfull workyng all,
That reigneth in man, through mynde dyabolycall.
He shall haue ther for, lyke as he hath deserved,

Iustus Noah

Lose hym not yet lorde, though he hath depelye swerued,
I knowe thy mercye, is farre aboue hys rudenesse,
Beynge insynce, as all other thynges are in the.
Hys folye therfor, now pardone of thy goodnesse,
And measure it not, beyonde thy godlye pytie.
Esteeme not hys faulde, farder than helpe maye be,
But graunt hym thy grace, as he offendeth so depelye,
The to remembre, and abhorre hys myserye.

Of all goodnesse lorde, remembre thy great mercye,
To Adam and Eue, breakyng thy first commaundement.
Them thu releuedest, with thy swete promyse heauenlye,
Synnefull though they were, and their lynes neglygent.
I knowe that mercye, with the is permanent,
And wyll be euer, so longe as the worlde endure,
Than close not thy hande, from man whych is thy creature.

Beynge thy subiect, he is vndreneth thy cure,
Correct hym thu mayest, and so bryng hym to grace,
All lyeth in thy handes, to leaue or to allure,
Bytter deathe to geue, or graunte most suffren solace,

B ij Deceulye

Actus Secundus

Vtterlye from man, auerte not then thy face,
But lete hym sauer, thy swete benyuolence,
Sumwhat though he fele, thy hande for hys offences
Pater cœlestis,

My true seruaunt Noah, thy ryghtousnesse doch moue me,
Sumwhat to reserue, for mannys posterite.
Though I drowne the worlde, yet wyll I saue the lynes,
Of the and thy wyfe, thy iij. sonnes and their wyues,
And of yche kynde two, to maynteyne yow herafter,
Iustus Noah.

Blessed be thy name, most myghtye mercyfull maker
With the to dyspute, it were vnconuenient,
Pater cœlestis,

Whye doest thou saye so: Be bolde to speke thy intent.
Iustus Noah,

Shall the other dye, without anye remedye?
Pater cœlestis,

I wyll drowne them all, for their wylfull wycked folye;
That man herafter, therby maye knowe my powre,
And feare to offende, my goodnesse daye and houre,
Iustus Noah.

As thy pleasure is, so myght it alwayes be,
For my helthe thou art, and sowles felycyte.
Pater cœlestis,

After that thys floude, haue had hys ragynge passage,
Thys shall be to the, my conenaunt euerlastynge.
The sees and waters, so farre neuermore shall rage,
As all fleche to drowne, I wyll so rempre theit workynge;
Thys sygne wyll I adde, also to confirme the thyng,
In the cloudes aboue, as a scale or token clere,
For sauegarde of man, my raynebowe shall apere,
Take thou thys conenaunt for an ernest confirmacyon,

Of

Præsentis Tragædiæ.

Of my former promyse, to Adams generacyon.

Iustus Noah.

I wyll blessed lorde, with my whole hart and mynde,

Pater cœlestis,

Sarewele than iust Noah, here leaue I the behynde,

Iustus Noah,

Most myghtye maker, ere I from hens depart,

I must geue the prayse, from the bottom of my hart,

Whom maye we thanke lorde, for our helthe & saluacyon.

But thy great mercye and goodnesse vnderstod,

Thy promyse in saythe, is our iustysfycacyon,

As it was Adams, whan hys hart therin rested,

And as it was theirs, whych therin also trusted,

Thys saythe was grounded, in Adams memorye,

And clerelye declared, in Abels innocencye,

Saythe in that promyse, Olde Adam ded iustysfye,

In that promyse saythe, made Eua to prophesye,

Saythe in that promyse, proued Abel innocent,

In that promyse saythe, made Seth full obedyent,

That saythe taught Enos, on Gods name first to call,

And made Mathusalah, the oldest man of all,

That sayth brought Enoch, to so hygh exerceyse,

That God toke hym vp, with hym into paradyse,

Of that saythe the want, made Cain to hate the good,

And all hys offsprynge, to peryshe in the flood,

Saythe in that promyse, preserued both me and myne,

So wyll it all them, whych folowe the same lyne.

Not onlye thys gyfte, thou hast geuen me swere lordes,

But with it also, thine everlastynge couenaunt,

Of truse for ever, thy raynebowe bearynge recorde,

Neuer more to drowne, the woulde by floude inconstaunt,

Makyng the waters, more peaceable and plesauant,

B iij

Alac

Actus tertius.

Alas I can not, to the gene prayse condygne,
Yet wyll I synge here, with harte meke and benygne.
Magnatunc uoce Antiphoniam incipit, O oriens splendor,
Ecce, in genua cadens, Quam chorus prosequetur cum
organis, ut supra,

Vel Anglice sub eodem tono,

O most orient clerenesse, and lyght shynynge of the sempit
ernall bryghtheesse. O clere sunne of iustyce and heauenlye
ryghteousnesse, come hyther and illumyne the prisoner, syttryn
ge now in the darke prison and shaddowe of eternall deathe.
Finitus actus secundus.

Incipit actus tertius.

Pater coelestis,

Myne hygh dyspleasure, must nedes retorne to man,
Consyderynge the synne, that he doth daye by daye;
For neyther kyndenesse, nor extreme handelynge can,
Make hym to knowe me, by anye faythfull waye,
But styll in myschefe, he walkech to hys decaye,
If he do not sone, hys wyckednesse consydre,
He is lyke doubtlesse, to perysh all togydre;
In my syght he is, more venym than the spyder
Through soch abuses, as he hath eyetcyfied,
From the tyme of Noah, to thys same season hyder.
An vncomelye acte, without shame Cham commysed,
Whan he of hys father, the secreete partes reueled,
In lyke case Nemrod, agaynst me wroughte abusyon
As he rayfed vp, the castell of confusyon,
Titus hath also, and all by the deuyls illusyon,
Through vimage makynge, vp rayfed Idolatrye,
Me to dyshonoure. And now in the conclusyon,
The byle Sodomytes, lyue so vnnaturallie

That

Præsentis Tragedia.

That their synne vengeaunte, aye ch continuallye?
For my couenauntes sake, I wyll not drowne with water,
Yet shall I vsyte, their synnes with other matter.

Abraham fidelis.

Yet mercyfull lorde, thy gracyousnesse remembre,
To Adam and Noah, both in thy worde and promes,
And lose not the sowles, of men in so great nombre,
But saue thyne owne worke, of thy most discrete goodnes.
I wote thy mercyes, are plentyfull and endles.
Neuer can they dye, nor fayle, thy self enduryng,
Thys hath saye the fyled, fast in my vnderstandyng,

Pater cœlestis,

Abraham my seruauit, for thy most saythfull meanyng,
Both thou and thy stocke, shall haue my plentouse blessinge,
Where the vnfaythfull, vnder my curse euer more,
For their wayne workyng, shall rewe their wyckednesse sore.

Abraham fidelis.

Tell me blessed lorde, where wyll thy great malyce lyght,
My hope is, all fleshe, shall not peryshe in thy syght.

Pater cœlestis,

No trulye Abraham, thou chauncest vpon the ryght,
The thyng I shall do, I wyll not hyde from the,
Whome I haue blessyd, for thy true fydelite.
For I knowe thou wilt, cause both thy chyldren & seruantes,
In my wayes to walke, and trust vnto my couenauntes,
That I maye perfourme, with the my earnest promes.

Abraham fidelis.

All that wyll I do, by assystence of thy goodnes.

Pater cœlestis.

From Sodom and Gomor, the abhomynacions call,
For my great vengeaunce, whych wyll vpon them fall.
Wylde fyre and brymstone, shall lyght vpon them all.

Abraham

ACTUS I. Tertius.

Abraham fidelis.

Pyetefull maker, though they haue kyndled thy furye,
Cast not awaye yet, the iust sort with the vngodlye.
Parauenture there maye, be fiftye ryghteous persones,
Within those cyties, wylt thou lose them all at ones?
And not spare the place, for those fiftye ryghteous sakes?
Be it farre from the, soch rygoure to vnder take.

I hope there is not, in the so cruell hardenesse,
As to cast awaye, the iust men with the rechelesse,
And so to destroye, the good with the vngodlye,
In the iudge of all, be neuer soche a furye,

Pater cœlestis.

At Sodom if I, maye fynde iust persones fiftye,
The place wyll I spare, for their sakes verelye.

Abraham fidelis;

I take vpon me, to speake here in thy presence,
More then become me, lorde pardon my neglygence.
I am but ashes, and were lothe the to offende,

Pater cœlestis:

Saye fourth good Abraham, for yll dost thou non intende.

Abraham fidelis.

Haplye there maye be, fyue lesse in the same nombre,
For their sakes I trust, thou wylt not the rest accombre?

Pater cœlestis

If I amonge them, myght fynde but fyue and fortye
Them wolde I not lose, for that iust companye.

Abraham fidelis.

What if the cytie, maye fortye ryghteous make?

Pater cœlestis

Then wyll I pardone it, for those same fortyes sake.

Abraham fidelis.

Be not angrye lorde, though I speake vndyscretelye.

Pater

Presentis Tragedia;

Pater cœlestis

Vtter thy whole mynde, and spare me not hardelye.

Abraham fidelis.

Parauenture there maye, be thirty founde amonge them.

Pater cœlestis

Waye I synde thirty, I wyll nothyng do vnto them:

Abraham fidelis.

I take vpon me, to moche lorde in thy sygher

Pater cœlestis.

No, no, good Abraham, for I knowe thy saythe is ryght.

Abraham fidelis.

No lesse I suppose, than twenty can it haue:

Pater cœlestis.

Could I synde twenty, that cytie wolde I saue.

Abraham fidelis.

Ones yet wyll I speake, my mynde, and than nomore,

Pater cœlestis.

Spare not to vtter, so moche as thou hast in store.

Abraham fidelis.

And what if there myght, be v. good creatures founde?

Pater cœlestis.

The rest for their sakes, myght so be safe and sounde,
And not destroyed, for their abhomynacyon.

Abraham fidelis.

O mercyfull maker, moche is thy tolleracyon,

And sufferaunce of synne. I se it now in dede,

Witane yet of fauer, out of those cyties to leade,

Those that be faythfull, though their flocke be but small.

Pater cœlestis.

For hand hys howsholde, I wyll delyuer all,

For ryghteousnesse sake whych is of me and not them.

Abraham fidelis.

C

Great

Actus Tertius.

Great are thy graces, in the generacyon of Sem.

Pater cœlestis,

Well Abraham well, for thy true saytyfulnes,

Now wyll I geue the, my couenaunt or thirde promes,

Loke thu beleue it, as thu coneryst tryghenousnesse,

Abraham fidelis.

Loorde so regarde me, as I receyne it with gladnesse.

Pater cœlestis

Of manye peoples, the farther I wyll make the,

All generacyons, in thysede shall be blessyd.

As the flaries of heauen, so shall thy kynned be,

And by the same seide, the worlde shall be redressed.

In circumcysyon, shall thys thyng be expressed,

As in a sure seale, to proue my promysc true,

Prync thys in thy saythe, and it shall thy sowle ronne,

Abraham fidelis.

I wyll not one Jore, Loorde from thy wyll dyssent,

But to thy pleasure, be alwayes obedyent,

Thy lawes to fullfyll, and most precyouse commaundement.

Pater cœlestis

Sarwele Abraham, for heare in place I leaue the,

Abraham fidelis.

Thankes wyll I rendre, lyke as it shall behoue me.

Euerlastyng prayse, to thy most gloryouse name,

Whych sauedyst Adā, through saythe in thy swete promes,

Of the womannys seide. And now confirme it the same,

In the seide of me. Forsoth great is thy goodnes

I can not perceyne, but that thy mercye is endles,

To soch as feare the, in euery generacyon,

For it endureth, without abreyacyon.

Thys haue I prynced in depe consyderacyon,

No worldly matter, can race it out of mynde,



For ones it wyll be, the fynall restauracyon,
Of Adam and Eue, with other that hath synde,
Yea, the sure helthe, and rayse of all mantynde,
Helpe haue the saythfull, therof, though they be infecte,
They condemnacyon, where as it is relect.

Mercyfull maker, my crabbed voyce dyrect,
That it maye breake out, in some swete prayse to the,
And suffre me not, thy due lawdes to neglect,
But let me shewe forth, thy commendacyons fre.
Strophe not my wynde pypea, but geue them lyberte,
To iounde to thy name, whych is most gracyouse,
And in it reioyce, with hart melodyouse.

Tunc alta uoce canit Antiphonam, O rex gentium, choro cano
dem prosequente cum organis, ut prius, Vel
Anglice hoc modo,

O most myghtye gouernour, of thy people, and in harte
most desyred, the harde rocke and true corner stone, that of
two maketh one, vnynge the Jewes with the gentyles in one
churche, come now and releue mantynde whom thou hast four
med of the vyle earthe.

Finis Actus tertius.

Incipit Actus Quartus.

Pater ecclestis.

Styll so increaseth, the wyckednesse of man,
That I am moued, with plagues hym to confounde,
Hys weaknesse to ayde, I do the best I can,
Yet he regardeth me, no more than doth an hounde.
My worde and promyse, in hys saythe taketh no grounde,
He wyll so longe walke, in hys owne lustes at large,
That nought he shall fynde, hys folye to dyscharge.

C ij

Scns

Sens Abrahams tyme, whych was my true elect,
Ysmael haue I founde, both wycked, scarce, and cruell,
And Esau in mynde, with hatefull murder infect,
The sonnes of Jacob, to lustes vnnaturall sell,
And into Egypte, ded they their brother sell,
Laban to ydolles, gaue faythfull reuerence,
Dina was corrupt, through Sichems vyolence.

Ruben abused hys fathers concubine,
Judas gate chyldren, of hys owne doughter in lawe.
Yea, her in my syght, went after a wycked lyne,
Hys sede Snanspylte, hys brothers name to withdrawe,
Achan lyned here, without all godlye awe.
And now the chyldren, of Israel abuse my powre,
In so vyle maner, that they moue me euerye howre.

Moses sanctus.

Pacyfye thy wrathe, sweete lorde I the desyre,
As thou art gentyll, benygne and pacyent.

LOSE not that people, in fearcenesse of thyne yre,
For whom thou hast shewed, soche tokens euident,
Conuertynge thys rodde, into a lyuelye serpent,
And the same serpent, into thys rodde agayne,
Thy wonderfull power, declarynge very playne.

For their sakes also, puttest Pharao to payne,
By ten dyuerse plagcs, as I shall here declare.
By bloude, frogges, & lyce, by flyes, death, botche, & blayne,
By hayle, by grasshoppers, by darkenesse, and by care.
By a Soden plage, all their first gotten ware,
Thou stonest in one nyght, for hys scarce cruelnesse.
From that thy people, withholde not now thy goodnesse.

Pater ecelestis.

Pacyfye the, my chosen seruaunt Moses.

That

^{Pater noster. Pater noster.}
That people of myne is full of vnrhankesful.

Moses sanctus,

Dere lorde, I knowe it, alas yet waye their weaken.
And beare with their faultes, of thy great bounteousnesse.
In a flaminge bushe, hauynge to them respect,
Thu appoyntedest me, their passage to direct,
And through the reade see, thy ryght hande ded vs lede,
Where Pharaoes hoost, the floude ouerwhelmed in dede.
Thu wentest before them, in a shynynge cloude all daye,
And in the darke nyght, in fyre thu shewedest their waye,
Thu sentest them Manna, from heauen to be their food,
Out of the harde stone, thu gauest them water good.
Thu appoyntedest them, a lande of mylke and honye,
Lete them not perysh, for want of thy great mercye,

Pater cœlestis,

Content they are not, with foule uor yet with fayre,
But murmour and grudge, as people in dyspayre,
As I sent Manna, they had it in dysdayne,
Thus of their welfare, they manye tymes complayne,
ouer Amalech, I gaue them the vycторыe,

Moses sanctus,

Most gloryouse maker, all that is to thy glorie,
Thu sentest them also, a lawe from heauen aboue,
And daylye shewedest them, manye tokens of great lone.
The brasen serpent, thu gauest them for their healyng,
And Balaams curse, thu turnedest into a blessinge,
I hope thu wylt not, dysdayne to helpe them styll,

Pater cœlestis

I gaue them preceptes, whych they wyll not fulfyll,
Nor yet knowledg me, for their God and good lorde,
So do their vyle dedes, with their wycked hartes accorde,
Whyls thu hast talked, with me famylyarlye.

Mountayne, the space but of dayes fortye,
ghies all, they haue forgotten clerelye,
are turned, to shamefull ydolatrie,
For their God they haue, sett vp a golden calfe.

Moses sanctus,

Let me saye sumwhat, swete facher in their behalfe:

Pater cœlestis:

I wyll first conclude, and then saye on thy mynde,
For that I haue founde, that people so vntynde,
Not one of them shall enioye the promyse of me,
For enterynge the lande, but Caleb and Josue.

Moses sanctus.

Thy eternall wyll, euermore fulfylled be,
For dysobedyence, thou slewest the sonnes of Aaron,
The earthe swallowed in, both Dathan and Abiron.
The adders ded styng, other wycked persones els,
In wonderfull nombre. Thus hast thou ponnyshed rebels.

Pater cœlestis.

Nener wyll I spare, the cursed iniquyte,
Of ydolatrie, for no cause, thou mayst trust me.

Moses sanctus.

Sorgene them yet lorde, for thys tyme if it maye be.

Pater cœlestis.

Thynkest thou that I wyll, so sone change my decre?
No, No, frynde Moses, so lyght thou shalt not synde me,
I wyll ponnysh them, all Israel shall it se.

Moses sanctus.

I wote, thy people, hath wrought abhomynacyon,
Worshypinge false goddes, to thy honours derogacyon,
Yet mercifullye, thou mayest vpon them loke.
And if thou wilt not, thrust me out of thy boke.

Pater cœlestis.

Those

Presentis Tragedie,

Those great blasphemers, shall out of my booke cleane,
But thou shalt not so, for I knowe what thou doest meane.
To idene my people, myne Angell shall assist the,
That synne at a daye, wyll not vncorrected be.
As for the true zeale, that thou to my people hast,
I adde thys couenaunt, vnto my promyses past.

Arise them vp I wyll, a prophete from amonge them,
Not only to the, to speake my wordes vnto them,
Whoso he wretch not, that he shall speake in my name,
I wyll reuenge it, to hys perpetuall shame.

The passe ouer lambe, wyll be a token iust,
Of thys stronge couenaunt. Thys haue I clerelye dyscuss,
In my appoynement, thys houre for your delyuerance.

Moses sanctus;

Neuer shall thys thyng, depart from my remembraunce.
Lande be for euer, to the most mercyfull lorde,
Whych neuer with drawest, from man thy heauenlye cōfort,
But from age to age, thy benefytes doth recorde,
What thy goodnesse is, and hath bene to hys sort.
As we fynde thy grace, so ought we to report.
And doubtelesse it is, to vs most bounteous,
Yea, for all our synnts, most rype and plenteous.

Abraham our father, founde the benyuolouse,
So ded good Isaac, in hys dystresse amonge.
To Jacob thou wert, a gyde most gracyouse,
Ioseph thou saudest, from daungerous deadlye wronge.
Melchisedech and Job, felt thy great goodnesse stronge,
So ded good Sara, rebecca, and sayre Rachel,
With Sephora my wyfe, the doughter of Raguel.

To prayse the swete lorde, my faythe doth me compell,
For thy couenantes sake, wherein rest our saluacyon.
The seide of promyse, all other sedes excell,

for

Actus Quartus.

For therin remaynech, our full in styfycacyon,
From Adam and Noah, in Abrahams generacyon.
That sede procureth, Gods myghtry grace and powre,
For the same sedes sake, I wyll synge now thys howre.

Clara tunc uoce Antiphonam incipit, O Emanuel, quam
chorus (ut prius) prosequetur cum organis,
Vel Anglice canat,

O hygh kyng Emanuel, & our lege lorde, the longe ex-
pectacyon of Gentyles, and the myghtrye sauer of their mul-
titude, the helthe and consolacyon of synners, come now for
to sane vs, as our lorde and our redemer.

Finit actus Quartus,

Incipit actus quintus,

Pater ccelestis,

FOr all the fauer, I haue shewed Israel,
Delyuerynge her, from Pharaoes tyrannye,
And geuynge the lande. fluentem lac & mel,
Yet wyll she not leaue, her olde ydolatrye,
Nor knowe me for God. I abhorre her myserye.
Deyed her I haue, with barrayles and decayes,
Scyll must I plage her, I se non other wayes.

David rex pius,

Remembre yet lorde, thy worthye seruaunt Moses,
Walkynge in thy syght, without rebuke of the,
Both Aaron, Jetro, Eleazar, and Phinees,
Enermore feared, to offende thymageste.
Moch thou acceptedest, thy seruaunt Josue,
Caleb and Othoniel, sought the with all their harte,
Aioch end Sangar, for thy folke ded their part.
Gedeon and Thola, thy enemyes put to smart,

Jaye

praetentis Tragedie.

Jayr and Jephthe, gaue prayſes to thy names
Theſe to leaue ydolles, thy people ded coart,
Samſon the ſtrongest, for hys part ded the ſame,
Samuel and Nathan, thy meſſages ded proclame,
What though ſearce Pharao, worough myſchef in thy ſyght:
He was a pagane, laye not that in our lyght.

I wote the Beniamytes, abuſed the wayes of ryght,
So ded Helyes ſonnes, and the ſonnes of Samuel,
Saul in hys offyce, was ſlouthfull daye and nyght,
Wycked was Semei, ſo was Achitophel,
Measure not by them, the faultes of Iſrael,
Whom thu haſt loued, of longe tyme ſo inteyrlye,
But of thy great grace, remyt her wycked folye.

Pater ccelestis.

I can not abyde, the vyce of ydolatrye,
Though I ſhuld ſuffer, all other vyllanye,
What Ieſue was dead, that ſort from me ded fall,
To the worſhyppynge of Aſteroth and Baal,
Full vncleane ydolles, and monſters beſtyll.

Dauid rex pius.

For it they haue had, thy ryghtcouſe ponnymment,
And for as moch as they, ded wyckedly conſent,
To the Paleſtynes, and Chananytes vngodlye,
Idolaters takynge, to them in marrymonye,
Thu threweſt them vndre, the kynge of Meſopotamyē,
After thu ſubduedſt them, for their Idolatrye.

Eyghtene years to Eglon, the kynge of Moabytes,
And xx. years to Iabin, the kynge of Chananytes,
Oppreſſed they were, vii. years of the Madyanytes,
And xviij. years vexed, of the cruell Ammonytes,
In iij. great battayles, of iij. ſcore thouſand and fyue,
Of thys thy people, not one was left a lyue.

D

Haue

Actus Quintus.

Haue mercye now lord, and call them to repentaunce.

Pater cœlestis,

So longe as thy synne, so longe shall they haue greuaunce.
Dauid my seruant, samwhat must I saye to the,
For that thu lately, hast wroughte soch oanyte.

Dauid rex pius.

Spare not blessed lord, but saye thy pleasure to me.

Pater cœlestis.

O late dayes thu hast, mysused Bersabe,
The wyfe of Dye, and slayne hym in the fyelde.

Dauid rex pius.

Mercye lord mercye, for doublesse I am despylde:

Pater cœlestis

I constyture the, a kynge ouer Israel,
And the preserued, from Saul whych was thy enemye,
Yea, in my fauer, so moch thu dedyst excell,
That of thy enemyes, I gane the vyctorye.
Palestynes and Syryanes, to the came trybutarye,
Why hast thu then wroughte, soch folye in my syght?
Despylynge my worde, agaynst all godlye ryght.

Dauid rex pius.

I haue synned lord, I besyche the, pardon me.

Pater cœlestis.

Thu shalt not dye Dauid, for thys iniquyte,
For thy repentaunce, But thy sonne by Bersabe,
Shall dye, for as moch, as my name is blasphemed,
Amonge my enemyes, and thu the wofe esteemed.
From thy howse for thys, the swerde shall not depart,

Dauid rex pius.

I am sorye lord, from the bottom of my hart.

Pater cœlestis.

To further anger, thu doest me yet compell.

Dauid

*Spring.
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Practising & ragging,

Dauid rex pius.

For what matter lordes I besyche thy goodnesse tell.

Pater cœlestis,

Why dedest thou numbred, the people of Israel
Supposesi in thy mynde, therein thou hast done welles

Dauid rex pius.

I can not saye naye, but I haue done vndyscretelye,
To forget thy grace, for a humayne pollycye,

Pater cœlestis,

Thou shalt of these iij. chose whych plage thou wilt haue,
For that synnefull acte, that I thy sowle maye saue,
A scarsenesse viij. years, or els iij. monthes eyyle,
Eytther for iij. dayes, the pestylence most vyle,
For one thou must haue, there is no remedye.

Dauid rex pius.

Loide at thy pleasure, for thou art full of mercye,

Pater cœlestis.

Of a pestylence, then iij. score thousand and ten,
In iij. dayes shall dye of thy most puyfauit men.

Dauid rex pius.

Oh loide, it is I, whych hane offended thy grace,
Spare them and not me, for I haue done the trespase.

Pater cœlestis,

Though thy synnes be great, thy inwarde hartes cōtrycyon,
Dorh moue my stomake, in wonderfull condycyon.

I fynde the a man, accordyng to my harte,

Wherfor thys promyse, I make the ere I depart.

A frute there shall come, forth yssuyng from thy bodye,

Whom I wyll aduance, vpon thy seate for euer.

Hys trone shall become, a seate of heauenlye glorye,

Hys worthy scepture, from ryght wyll not dyssouer,

Hys happye kyngedome, of saythe, shall perysh neuer.

D 4

of

Of heauen and of earthe, he was autor pyneypall,
And wyll contynue, though they do peryshe all.

Thys sygne shalt thou haue, for a token specyall,
That thou mayst beleue, my wordes vnfaynedlye.
Where thou hast mynded, for my memoryall,
To buylde a temple, thou shalt not synyshe trulye.
But Salomon thy sonne, shall do that accyon worthye,
In token that Christ, must synyshe euery thyng,
That I haue begunne, to my prayse euerlastyng.

Dauid rex pius.

Immortall glorie, to the, most heauenlye kyng,
For that thou hast geuen, contynuall vycroie,
To me thy seruante, euery sens my anoyntyng,
And also before, by many conquestes worthye,
A beare and lyon, I slewe through thy strength onelye,
I slewe Goliath, whych was vi. cubites longe,
Agaynst thy enemyes, thou madest me euery stronge.

My fleshye fraylenesse, made me do deadlye wronge,
And cleane to forget, thy lawes of ryghteousnesse,
And thouh thou dysfyrest, my synnefulnesse amonge,
With pestylent plagis, and other vnquyetnesse,
Yet neuer tokest thou, from me the plenteousnesse,
Of thy godly spere, whych thou in me dedyst plante,
I hauyng remoyce, thy grace coulde neuer want.

For in conclusyon, thy euerlastyng couenaunt,
Thou gauest vnto me, for all my wycked synne,
And hast promysed here, by protestacyon constaunt,
That one of my seide, shall soch hygh fortune wynde,
As neuer ded man, sens thys woulde ded begynne,
By his power he shall, put Sathan from his holde,
In reioyce wherof, to synge wyll I be bolde.

Canora

Canora uoce tunc incipit Antiphonam, O Adonai, Qnam
(ut prius) prosequetur chorus cum organis,
Velsic Anglice.

O lorde God Adonai, & gyde of the faylfull howse of Is-
rael. whych sumtyme aperedest in the flamynge bushe to Mo-
ses, and to hym dedest geue a lawe in mounte Syna, come
now forto redeme vs in the strengthe of thy ryght hande.

Finiractus Quintus,

Incipitactus sextus.

Pater celestis,

Broughte vp chyldren, from their first infancye,
Whych now despyseth, my godlye instytucyons.
Anoye knoweth hys lorde, an asse hys masters dewtye,
But Israel wyll not, knowe me not my condycyons,
Oh frowarde people, geuen all to superstycyons,
Vnnaturall chyldren, expert in blasphemyes,
Prouoketh me to hate, by their ydolatries.

Take hede to my wordes, ye tyrauntes of Sodoma,
In vayne ye offer, your sacryfycce to me.
Dyscontent I am, with yow beastes of Gomorra,
And haue no pleasure, whan I your offerynges se.
I abhorre your fastes, and your solempnyte.
For your tradycyons, my wayes ye set a part,
Your workes are in vayne, I hate them from the hart.

Esaías propheta.

Thy cytie swete lorde, is now become vnfaythfull,
And her condycyons, are turned vp so downe.
Her lyfe is vnchast, her actes be very hurtefull,
Her murther and thefte, hath darkened her renowne.
Couetouse rewardes, doch so their conscyence drowne,

D iij

Thae

That the fatherlesse, they wyll not helpe to ryghte,
The poore wydowes cause, come not afore their syghte,
Thy peccable pathes, seke they neyther daye nor nyghte,
But walke wycked wayes, after their fantasye,
Conuert their hartes lorde, and geue them thy true lyghte,
That they maye perceyue, their custonable folye,
Leaue them not helpelesse, in so depe myserye,
But call them from it, of thy most specyall grace,
By thy true prophetes, to their sowles helthe and solace;

Pater coelestis

First they had fathers, than had they parrarkes,
Than dukes, than iudges, to their gydes and monarkes,
Now haue they stowte kynges, yet are they wycked styll,
And wyll in no wyse, my plesaunt lawes fulfyll,
Alwayes they applye, to ydolles wofhyppynge,
From the vyle begger, to the anoynted kyng.

Esaïas Propheta,

For that cause thu hast, in two deuyded them,
In Samaria the one, the other in Hierusalem,
The kyng of Iuda, in Hierusalem ded dwell,
And in Samaria, the kyng of Israel,
Ten of the twelue trybes, bycame Samarytanes,
And the other two, were Hierosolymytanes.

In both these cuntreyes, accordynge to their doynges,
Thu permyttedest them, to haue most cruell kynges,
The first of Iuda, was wycked kyng Roboam,
Of Israel the first, was that cruell Hieroboam,
Abia than folowed, and in the other Nadab,
Then Basa, then Hela, then Zambri, Joram and Achab.

Then Ochostas, then Achalia, then Joas,
On the other part, was Joathan and Achas,
To rehearce them all, that haue done wretchedlye,

Præsentis Tragediæ.

In the sygh: of the, it were longe verelye.

Pater ccelestis.

For the wycked synne, of fylthye ydolatrie,
Whych the y. trybes ded, in the lande of Samarye,
In space of o. ac. daye, fifti thousand men I slewe,
Thre of their cyties, also I ouerbrewe,
And left the people, in soch captryute,
That in all the woulde, they wylt not whyther te fle.

The other is, trybes, whan they from me went back,
To ydolatrie, I left in the hande of Sefack,
The kynge of Egypt, whych toke awaye their treasure,
Conuayed their cattel, and slewe them without measure,
In tyme of Ahas, an hondred thousand and twentye,
Were slayne at one tyme, for their ydolatrie.

Two hondred thonsande, from thens were capryue led,
Their goddes dyspersed, and they with penurye fed,
Seldom they sayle it, but eyther the Egipcyanes,
Haue them in bondage, or els the Assyreanes,
And alone they maye, thanke their ydolatrie.

Esaias Propheta.

Wile, yet blessed lorde, releue them with thy mercye,
Though they haue bene yll, by other prynces dayes,
Yet good Ezechias, hath taught them godlye wayes,
Whan the prynce is good, the people are the better,
And as he is nought, their vyces are the greater,
Heauentye lorde therfor, sende them the consolacyon,
Whych thou hast couenaunted, with euery generacyon,
Open thou the heauens, and lere the lambe come hyther,
Whych wyl delyuer, thy people all togyther,
Ye planetes and cloudes, cast downe your dewes and rayne,
That the earth maye beare, out helthfull saner playne.

Pater ccelestis

Maye

Actus Sextus

Maye the wyse forget, the chylde of her owne bodye?

Esaias Propheta,

Naye that she can not, in anye wyse verelye.

Pater cœlestis

Nomore can I them, whych wyll do my cōmaundementes,
But must preserue them, from all inconuenyentes.

Esaias Propheta,

Blessed art thou lord, in all thy actes and iudgements.

Pater cœlestis,

Welle, Esaias, for thys thy fydeyte,
A couenaunt of helthe, thou shalt haue also of me,
For Syons sake now, I wyll not holde my peace,
And for Hierusalem, to speake wyll I not cease.
Tyll that ryghteous lord, be come as a sūne beame bryght,
And their iust sauer, as a lampe extende hys lyght.
A rodde shall shut fourth, from the olde stocke of Jesse,
And a bryght blossome, from that rote wyll aryse.
Vpon whom alwayes, the spire of the lord shall be,
The spire of wysdome, the spire of heauenly pryncesse,
And the spire that wyll hall godlynesse denyse,
Take thys for a sygne, A mayde of Israel,
Shall conceyue and beare, that lord Emanuel.

Esaias Propheta,

Thy prayes condygne, no mortall tunge can tell,
Most worthy maker, and kynge of heauenlye glorie,
For all capacityes, thy goodnesse doth excell,
Thy plenteouse graces, no brayne can cumpas truelye,
No wyt can conceyue, the greatnesse of thy mercye,
Declared of late, in Dauid thy true seruante,
And now confirmed, in thys thy latter couenaunt.

Of goodnesse thou madest, Salomon of wyt most preguant,
Asa and Josaphat, with good kynge Ezechias,

Presentis Tragediæ.

In thy syght to do, that was to the ryght plesante.

To quench ydolatrie, thu raysedest vp Helias,

Jehu, Heliseus, Micheas, and Abdias.

And Naaman Syrus, thu pougedest of a leproye,

Thy workes wonderfull, who can but magnifye?

Aryse Hierusalem, and take saythe by and bye,

For the verye lyght, that shall saue the, is commynge.

The sonne of the lorde, apere wyll euidentlye,

Whan he shall resort, se that no Joye be wantynge,

He is thy sauer, and thy lyfe everlastynge,

Thy release from synne, and thy whole ryghteousnesse.

Helpe me in thys songe, to knowledg hys great goodnesse.

Concinna tunc uoce Antiphonam inchoat, O radix Iesse,

Quam chorus prosequetur cum organis,

Vel Anglice hoc modo canet.

O frutesfull rote of Jesse, that shall be set as a sygne amon
ge people, agaynst the worldly rulers shall scarcely opē their
mouthes, Whom the Gentyles shall worshypp as their hea-
uenly lorde, come now for to deliuer vs, and delaye the tyme
no longer,



Finit actus Sextus.

Actus Septimus

Pater celestis

I haue with fearcenesse, many a de of tyme corrected,
 And agayne I haue, allured hym by swete promes.
 I haue sent sore plagues, whan he hath me neglected,
 And then by and by, most comfortable sweetnes.
 To wynne hym to grace, both mercey and ryghteousnes.
 I haue evercysed, yet wyll he not amende.
 Shall I now lose hym, or shall I hym defende
 In hys most myschefe, most hygh grace wyll I sende,
 To ouercome hym, by fauoure, if it maye be,
 With hys abusyon, no long tyme wyll I contende,
 But now accomplysh, my first wyll and decre.
 My worde beyng flesh, from hens shall set hym free,
 Hym teachyng a waye, of perfyght ryghteousnesse.
 That he shall not nede, to peryshe in hys weakenesse.

Ioannis baptista.

Manasse (lorde) is past, whych turned from the hys harre,
 Ahas and Amon, haue now nomore a do.
 Iechonias with ocher, whych ded themselues auarte,
 From the to ydolles, maye now no farther go.
 The two false iudges, and Bels wycked prestes also,
 Phassur and Semeias, with Nabuchodonosore,
 Antiochus and Triphon shall the dysplease nomore.
 Thre score yeaeres and ten, thy people into Babylon,
 Were captyue and thrall, for ydolles worshyppynge.
 Hierusalem was lost, and left voyde of domynion,
 Brent was their temple, so was their other buyldynge,
 Ther hygh prestes were slayn, ther treasure came to nothyng
 The strength and beweye, of thyne owne heretage.
 Thus dedest thou leane then, in myserable bondag.
 Ofte had they warnynges, sumtyme by Ezechiel,
 And other prophetes, as Esaye and Hieremye.

Sumtyme.

presentis Tragedie.

Suntyme by Daniel, suntyme by Ose and Jobel,
By Amos and Abdias, by Jonas and by Sophonye,
By Nahum and Micheas, by Agge and by Zacharye,
By Malachias, and also by Abacuch,
By Olda the wydowe, and by the prophete Baruch,
Remembre Josias, whych toke the abhomynacyon,
From the people then, restorynge thy lawes agayne.
Of Achab consydre, the faythfull generacyon,
Whō to wyne drynkyng, no frynds hyppye nyght cōstrayne,
Remembre Abdemelech, the frynde of truthe certayne,
Zorobabel the prynce, whych ded repaire the temple,
And Iesus Josedech, of vertu the exemple,
Consydre Nehemias, and Esdras the good scribe,
Mercyfull Tobias, and constaunt Mardocheus,
Judith and quene Hester, of the same godly trybe,
Devoute Mathathias, and Judas Machabens,
Haue mynde of Eleazar, and then Joannes Hircanus,
Waye the earnest saythe, of thys godlye companye,
Though the other cleane, fall from thy memorye,

Pater cœlestis,

I wyll Johan I wyll, for as I sayd afore,
Aygour and hardenesse, I haue now set a part,
Wyndyng from hens fourth, to wyne man euermore,
By wonderfull kyndenesse, to breake hys stubberne harte,
And change it from synne. For Christ shall suffre smarte,
In mannyes frayle nature, for hys iniquyte,
Thys to make open, my massenger shalt thou be.

Ioannes baptista,

As thy pleasure is, so blessed lorde appoynt me,
For my helthe thou art, and my sowles felycyte.

Pater cœlestis,

Longe ere I made the, I the predestynate,

¶ ii

Before

Actus Septimus.

Before thou wert borne, I the endued with grace,
In thy mothers wombe, wert thou sanctifyed,
By my godlye gyfte, and so confirmed in place,
A Prophete to shewe, a waye before the face,
Of my most dere sounre, whych wyll come the vntyll,
Applye the apace, thynne offyce to fulfyll.
Preache to the people, rebuſynge their neglygence,
Doppe them in water, they knowledgyng their offence.
And saye vnto them, The kyngedome of God doth cum,

Ioannes Baptista,

Vnmere lorde I am, Quia puer ego sum;
An other than that, Alas I haue no scyence,
Syt for that offyce, neyther yet cleane eloquence.
Pater cœlestis,

Thou shalt not saye so, for I haue geuen the grace,
Eloquence and age, to speake in the desertt place,
Thou must do therfor, as I shall the aduise,
My appoynted pleasure, fourth vnto in any wyse,
My stronge myghty wordes, put I into thy mouthe,
Spare not but speake them, to east, west, north and southe.

Hic extendens dominus manum, labia Ioannis digito tanget, ac ori imponet auream linguam.

Go now thy waye fourth, I shall the neuer fayle,
The sprete of Helias, haue I geuen the alre dye,
Persuade the people, that they their synnes by wayle,
And if they repent, their customable folye,
Longe shall it not be, ere they haue remedye.
Open thou their hartes, tell them their helth is commynge,
As a voyce in desertt, se thou declare the thyng.
I promyse the sure, thou shalt washe hym amouge them,
In Iordane a floude, not farre from Hierusalem.

Ioannes Baptista,

Shewe

Prophetis Tragedia;
Shewe me yet good lorde, wherby shall I knowe that mā,
In the multytude, whych wyll resort to Jordans

Pater cœlestis;

In thy mothers wombe, of hym haddeſt thou cognicyon,
Ioannes Baptiſta,

Yea, that was in ſprete, I wolde now knowe hys perſon.
Pater cœlestis;

Haue thou no feare Johan, hym ſhalt thou knowe full well,
And one ſpecyall token, afore wyll I the tell,
Super quem uideris ſpiritum deſcendentem & manentem
Super eum, hic eſt qui baptizat ſpiritu ſancto

Amonge all other, whom thou ſhalt baptiſe there,
Vpon whom thou ſeſt, the holy Ghoſt deſcende,
In ſhappe of a doue, reſtyng vpon hys ſhuldere,
Holde hym for the ſame, that ſhall the worlde amende,
By baptym of ſprete, and alſo to man extende,
Moſt ſpecyall grace. For he muſt reſtore hys fall,
Reſtoringe agayne, the iuſtyce orygynall.

Take now thy iournaye, and do as I the aduſe,
Firſt preache repentaunce, and then the people baptiſe.
Ioannes baptiſta,

Hygh honour, wiſhypp, and glorie be vnto the,
O my God eternall, and patrone of all purite.

Repent good people, for ſynnes that now are paſt,
The kyngedome of heauen, is at hande very nye,
The promyſed lyght, to yow approacheth faſt,
Haue faythe, and applye, now to receyue hym boldelye.
I am not the lyght, but to beare teſtimonye,
Of hym, am I ſent, that all men maye beleue,
That hys bloude he wyll, for their redempcyon geue.

He is ſuch a lyght, as all men do ſhillumyne,
That euer were here, or ſhall be after thys,

All the worlde he made, by hys myghthe power deuynē,
 And yet that rude worlde, wyll not knowe what he is.
 Hys owne he enterynge, is not regarded of hys,
 They that receyue hym, are Gods true chyl dren playne,
 In sperte regenerate, and all grace shall attayne.

Manye do reckon, that I Johan Baptyst am he,
 Deceyued are they, and that wyll apere in space,
 Though he come after, yet was he longe afore me,
 We are weake vessels, he is the well of grace,
 Of hys great goodnesse, all that we haue we purchase:
 By hym are we lyke, to haue a better increas,
 Than euer we had, by the lawe of Moses.

In Moses harde lawe, we had not claret darkenes,
 Figure and shaddowe. All was not e's but nyght,
 Ponnysment for synne, moch rygour, payne and roughnes,
 An hygh change is there, wher all is turned to lyght,
 Grace and remys syon, anon wyll shyne full bryght,
 Neuer man lyued, that euer se God afore,

Whych now in our kynde, manny's ruine wyll restore.

Helpe me to geue thankes, to that lorde euermore,
 Whych am vnto Christ, a cryars voyce in the desert,
 To ptepare the pathes, and hygh wayes hym before,
 For hys delyght is, on the poore symple hart.
 That innocent lambe, from soch wyll neuer depart,
 As wyll saythfullye receyue hym with good mynde.
 Lete our voyce then sounde, in some swete musycall kynde.

Resonant uoce Antiphonam incipit, O clauis David, 12
 Quamprosequetur chorus cum organis, ut prius.

Vel in Anglico sermone sic.

O perfyght keye of Dauid, and hygh scepture of the kyn-
 dred of Jacob, whych openest and no man speareth, thus spea-
 rest

Conclusio.

rest and no man openeth, come & deliuer thy seruaunt man-
kynde bounde, in prison syttinge in the darkenesse of synne
and bytter dampnacyon.

Baleus Prolocutor,

The matters are soch, that we haue vttered here,

As ought not to slyde, from your memory all,

For they haue opened, soch comfortable gere,

As is to the helthe, of thys kynde vnyuersall,

Graces of the lorde, and promyses lyberall,

Whych he hath geuen, to man for every age,

To knyght hym to Christ, and so clere hym of bondage.

As Saynt Paule doth write, vnto the Corinthes playne,

Our fore fathers were, vnder the cloude of darkenes,

And vnto Christes dayes, ded in the shaddowe remaine,

Yet were they not left, for of hym they had promes,

All they receyued, one spirytuall fedynge doubteles,

They dronke of the rocke, whych them to lyfe refreshed,

For one saynyng helthe, in Christ, all they confessed.

In the womans seide, was Adam first instyfyed,

So was saytfull Noah, so was iust Abraham,

The saythe in that seide, in Moses fourth mulcplyed,

Lyke wyse in Dauid, and Esaye, that after cam.

And in Johan Baptyst, whych shewed the very lam.

Though they se a farre, yet all they had one instyce,

One Masse as they call it, and in Christ one sacryfyce,

A man can nothere, to God do better seruyce,

Than on thys to grounde, hys saythe and vnderstandynge,

For all the worldes synne, alone Christ payed the pryce,

In hys onely deathe, was mannys lyfe alwayes restyng,

And not in wyll woikes, nor yet in mennys deseruyng,

The lyght of our saythe, make thys thyng euident,

Concludo.

And not the pietyse of other experiment.

Where is now fre wyll, whom the hypocrytes comment,
Wherby they report, they maye at their owne pleasure,
Do good of themselves, though grace and fayth be absent,
And haue good inrentes, their madnesse with to measure,
The wyll of the fleshe, is proued here small treasure,
And so is mannyas wyll, for the grace of God dothall,
More of thys matter, conclude herafter we shall.

strange reliefe

Thus endeth thys Tragedy or enterlie
de manyfestyng the chese promysse of God vnto Man by
all ages in the olde lawe, from the fall of Adam,
to the incarnacyon of the lorde Iesus
Christ. Compyled by Jo:

han Bale. Anno domini,
M. D. XXXVIII.



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